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CEPHALINE.

THE INSTITUTE PAIR, AND WRAT IS TO BE BREN THERE-THE BUILDING-THE EXHIBITS -COMPARATIVE SHORMARING - OPPORTUNI THE FOR AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION. Bosron, Sept. 16th, 1881.

Everybody and everybody's relations seemed to be going to the fairs to day. So your correspondent, as an item of the population, went along. In some mysterious way he suc-ceeded in getting aboard a horse-car, which was already valuely striving to accommodate a hundred people. After a ride of twenty minutes under very compact gircumstances, the conductor called out, "Institute Fair—end of the route." The living freight poured out of the car, and was soon merged in the stream of people steadily flowing through the gates of the New England Manufacturers' and Mehanics' Institute. Once within the walls of the great building, there was no more danger of crowding. A regiment or the inhabitants of a township might be lost in the spacious halls and galleries. Over 100,000 people, it is said, can locomote and inspect the exhibits without inconvenience. Two million bricks, 2,000,000 feet of lumber, and 40,000 square feet of glass went into the structure. It is without doubt the largest permanent exhibition building in this country. The plan of construction is exceedingly simple. There is a front hall and an enormous main hall, with galleries above the former and round about the latter. The exhibits are thoroughly systematized, so that, even without the compre-hensive catalogue which has been issued, any

The textile machinery—the cunning metal-lic fingers that weave our clothing—the mamarvelous facility, the wood and iron working machines that supply all sorts of necessities and luxuries of life-all varieties of these and the engines that furnish the motive pow er, may be seen in practical operation in the main ball. The galleries are devoted to another class of exhibits, ranging from furniture and pianos, beliotypes and chromos, to

crockery and cauned goods.

But your correspondent didn't attempt to investigate and comprehend all these things on the first visit. With supreme indifference to the sage injunctions of that terrible race of people, the methodical sight-seers, he saun tered about the acres of machinery, up and down the spacious alsles, into the unique and artistic sections of the galleries-anywhere and everywhere, at his own sweet will. He did not hold himself above partaking of the chocolate, male-berry coffee and griddle-cakes that are dispensed, free of charge, in the rear gallery. Nor was he proof against the glasslowers, nor even the card mania, which judging from the miscellaneous collections the ladies carry out of the building, has taken a new lease of life.

Among the exhibits of peculiar and practical interest is that of the Hampton and Carlisle institutes. A day or two ago a promi nent Bostonian, standing on the floor of the nain hall, pointed to this section, and said "There, gentlemen, is the solution—the only olution-of the Indian problem. It is through education that the wards of the state must b protected and made into law-abiding citizens and a period put to the generations of dishon or," The noble work that these institution

or." The noble work that these institutions have done and are doing for the intellectual and industrial development of the Indian and negro is well illustrated by the exhibit.

Striking and suggestive contrasts are continually forcing themselves upon the attention of observant visitors at the fair. For example: in this Hampton exhibit sits a somewhat taciturn but very industrious Apacho, not more than ten weeks from his native wilds. With ordinary shoemaker's tools, but in a method peculiar to himself, he puts together a pair of rough shoes in the course of two days. Almost directly below, on a raised bench over the spur of the Providence railbench over the spur of the Providence railbench over the spur of the Providence railroad, is to be seen ye ancient cobbler, who consumes the same amount of time with much the same result. Round about the latter, and reaching the ears of the Indian as he bends quietly over his work, is the incessant whiri and buzz of the numerous intricate machines of the model shoe factory, where the leather may be cut, a dozen processes gone through, and a finely-finished pair of boots placed upon the fact in precisely eight minutes. There is something pitiable in this contrast; it makes the uncivilized look almost helpless, and the ways and contrivances of the past seem almost ludicrous in the light of the precent.

The shoemaking exhibit is the largest in the fair, and is so arranged as to give the vicitor as comprehensive an idea of the manufacture as compr road, is to be seen ye ancient cobbler, who

work, and employs a large number of the ompany's best men. It may be of interest o note that on one day lately fifty-one cases of boots were turned out and shipped by order to Cuba and sixteen different states.

To attempt to make further mention of par ticular exhibits would intrude too much upon your space. Suffice it to say that the opporities at the New England Manufacturers and Mechanics' Institute Pair, for instruction and amusement, for hearing excellent music, and for enjoying one's self in a general way, are such that no visitor should fail to take advantage them. The admission fee is but a quarter—the management placing it at this modest figure that the fair might be more of a popular educator. According to the turnpassed through the gates. The other attractions in the city, the grand fair of the Me-From the fielden Bide, Bostoh.]

The Soing of Triemph is, to our thinking, just the book that any good teacher would choose for his class or chair. The charcies are interesting and complete. The Concert and Socular Department contains a large variety of glees and four-part sougs, which are of exceeding merit and will delight the singular-chool and social circle. The hymn tunes from Dykes, Monk, Baraby, and other celebrated English writers, have been chosen with fine discrimination and are entirely new to our American singers. The compositions of the authors of this work (Mesers, R. P. Weight and A. H. Falmer) are characterized by beautiful inclody and pure devotional harmony. "His or northy receiving and is mined to the requirements be were the received in the second of the contents of this work frequires us to become better were." The collection of Authentic town the very passed through the gates. The other Mesers counter that the city, the grand fair of the Mechanic's Charitable Association, the Art Muscum, the Natural History Rooms, and the magnificent churches of the Each Hay—all of which are within fifteen minutes of the Institute Fair—render it particularly desirable to be in Boston at this season. Arrangements have been made for excursion trains on all the principal lines of railway, and those who avail themselves of the opportunity thus afforded will not be likely to regret it.

There are 1390 female dectors, who have practicing in this country. New York, Penn.

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world commans 1,450,123,000 innabitants, or 16,778,000 more than it did a quarter of a century ago. He allots 834,707,000 to Asia, 315,929,000 to Europe, 205,079,000 to Africa, 95,405,000 to America, 4,121,000 to Australia-Polynesia, and 82,000 to the Polar regions.

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M

Miscellany.

But what shall I do when the days are so dreary? And what shall I do when the nights are so long?

THE MAD-STONE

I.

"Then you don't believe in the mad-scone, my dear Wolfgang?"

"Certainly I do not."

"Still, the facts are undoubted: my statements are susceptible of proof."

"Nothing is susceptible of proof which is impossible, dear friend Langley."

This conversation took place on a day of summer, in a country house on the Lower Rappahannock, in Virginia. The friends exchanging views with each other were Henry Langley, a young country gentleman, and Dr. Wolfgang, from Gottingen, a man of about thirty, like himself. Langley had made his acquaintance some years before in Europe, had found him a delightful companion, and Wolfgang having visited America, came and made a long stay at The Reeds, Langley's place. He spoke English fluently, was a great favorite with Mrs. Langley, and the only objectionable trait about him was his dogmatism. On this morning after breakfast they were smoking in the drawing room, and roading the papers. The sensation of the moment was the terrible prevalence of hydrophobia in the city of Brooklyn, and this had brought on an obstinate discussion.

"Dear friend Langley," continued Dr. Wolfgang, "the whole thing is absurd—incredible. What is it you tell me? You tell me that a gentleman in this country possesses a small green stone, which, applied to the wound inflicted by the bite of a dog laboring under rabies, sucks the virus from the incision, and prevents the occurrence of hydrophobia."

"Yes, there is no doubt of it," said Lang-

"Yes, there is no doubt of it," said Lang-r, smiling. Dr. Wolfgang ran his fingers rough his beard and shrugged his shoul-

rowne calls a vulgar error."
"The fact has been proved on a dozen oc-

ulation?"
"I do not."
"Then I will tell you. I have studied this special subject, and can give you the figures. In France, with a population of thirty-six millions, there were in five years one hundred and seven cases; that is, only one to every two million inhabitants."
"That may be in Europe. Here it is different."

Helf Himmel ?" cried Dr. Wolfgang, re-

"And the patient is safe?" said Dr. Wolfgang shrugging his shoulders.
"Entirely safe—the bite is no longer a. ."ing of any consequence."
"And the stone, what becomes of it? It arems to me the stone is poisoned now, and, according to sound reasoning ought itself to

ison the next patient."
"Not at all; it is easily cleansed."
"In what manner?"
"By plunging it into fresh milk. After re-

and he burst forth into German expletives, donner and bitten, and other expressions of wrath and wonder. Laughey laughed aloud.

"You chatinate fellow, there's no doubt of the truth of what I tell you!" he said. "A case occurred last fall in this very neighborhood. A man who cuts timber on the river, named Carpenter, was hit by a dog that was raving mad, and cured by the mad-stone. He lost no time in hurrying to Mr. Fortescue and applying it. It acted like a charm, and he is now perfectly well."

"The dog was not mad!" cried Dr. Wolfgang.

"You are wrong. He bit a horse and two other dogs, and they all died. Two days af-terward the dog died himself."

Dr. Welfgang knit his brows.

"Yery good. I will go and see him. He will be dead now.
"Who will be dead?" asked a laughing

end's wife.
"What is the matter?" said Mrs. Langley,
ming up to them, and showing her pearly
th. "I am afraid you are quarreling, as

'you are a pretty person to charge other peo-ple with obstinacy! Of all the hard-headed, degmatic, opinionated, pertinacious— But I'll spare you this time. All I have to say is that the man who tries to argue you into any

thing—"
"What in the world were you arguing about, my dear?" interrupted Mrs. Langley.
"Wolfgang and myself were discussing the mad-stone. He refuses to believe in it."
"I certainly do. Am I wrong, dear Madame

Laughey?"
"I am afraid you are, doctor," the lady anid. "I have heard of so many cures it has performed, that I think there can be no doubt

of them."

"A good specimen of human reasoning!"
growled Dr. Wolfgang, sello coce.

"Only a few months ago a Mr. Carpenter
was cured by the stone."

"Carpenter again! I'll see this Carpenter
before I'm a day older," muttered Dr. Wolfgang. "So you believe in the mad-atone,
madame?" he said to the lady. "Yes or no?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Langley, smiling. "If
I'm ever bitten by a mad dog, I hope they
will send for it."

As the young lady spoke, she fondled the
little lap-dog in her arms, caressing the shaggy head with her small white hand covered
with rings.

th rings. "Poor Remy," she said, addressing the dog

"Poor Reny," she said, addressing the dog in the tone of a person speaking to a beby, "tid they think it would ever grow mad and bite people? Reny is too good to be bad, and ensp and snar!—" Suddenly Reny snapped and snarled.
"What is the meaning of that?" said Dr. Wolfgang, stopping all at once as he was applying a lighter to his meerschaum. Langley turned his head.
"I did not notice what you refer to," he said.

said.

"Why is that lap-dog snarling?"

Mrs. Langley uttered a ringing langh, and pointed under the centre table. They looked, and saw a large black cat, with her back erect and her yellow eyes blazing. She was gazing with fiery eyes at the lap-dog, and "spitting." "It is that cat," said Mrs. Langley, hold-g the lap-dog close to her bosom, and sooth-g him. "She and Remy hate each other.

is a wild cat, as the servants say; that is, it It is a wild cat, as the servants say; that is, it does not belong here."

Dr. Wolfgang looked thoughtful.
"I hope nothing is the matter with the dog," he said, looking at him keenly.
"The idea!" exclaimed Mrs. Langley.
"You gentlemen must have talked yourself into a nervous state; that ought to be left to the weaker vessels. To fancy that anything was the matter with Remy! Even if he was raving mad, he would never hurt me. He loves me too much. Poor Remy, did they go and abuse him?"

raving mad, and loves me too much. Poor Remy, did they go and abuse him?"

She smoothed the dog's curis, and he closed his eyes, nestling down, and apparently falling into a doze.

"Well, perhaps you are right, madame," said Dr. Wolfgang. "I have no doubt it was my faney, and nothing alls the animal. But you must let me say one thing: I never see one of your charming sex fondling one of these creatures without thinking two things—one, that he is not worth it; and the other, that if he ever be attacked by rabies, the hand fondling him will be the first he will bury his teeth in."

Having uttered these words in a tone of the utmost gravity, Dr. Wolfgang had recourse utmost gravity, Dr. Wolfgang had recourse after the fashion of his stone, as you insisted on having it," said the doctor, smiling. "Perhaps, after all, there's more virtue in it than one thinks."

He drew from his pocket a small green stone about two inches long, with rounded edges.

As the friends went across the lawn toward the inclosure containing the peach-trees. Wolfgang said in a thoughtful voice, "Do you know, my dear friend, what I would do if I He placed the stone flat on the wound, and, were in your place?" "What do you mean-what would you

do?"
"I would wring that lap-dog's neck."
"Wring his neck?"
"Or, if that seems too violent a proceeding, I would purchase five or ten grains of strychnine, and quietly administer it."
Langley looked at his friend with surprise, and said, "You don't mean—"
"I mean that I don't like the looks and

Langley looked at his friend with surprise, and said, "You don't mean."

"I mean that I don't like the looks and ways of that charming animal. I do not asy that he has rabies, or is going to have it; but I am perfectly familiar with the symptoms from my stay in the veterinary school at Lyones, and I say—I don't like his appearance."

"His appearance?"

"His appearance?"

"I will explain what I mean. The vulgar opinion is that hydrophobia—that is, harred of water—is the main indication of cautie rabies. That's all a blunder. Neither a mad dog nor the person bitten by him hates water; he only can not swallow it. Instead of hating it, he craves it; but the muscles of the throat contract violently, and prevent degiutition, hence he ejects it violently. The real symptoms are uneasiness, snapping and snarling at trifles, or at nothing.

Langley looked a little uneasy, but made no reply.

"To be plain, this dog which Madame Langley holds in her arms and caresses may or may not have incelipent rables. Watch him, and you will soon discover. If he goes under sofes, or into corners, as if to hide himself, and turns round frequently, or changes his position, or snare at nothing, or looks up in the the air—wring his neck! That last symptoms indicates hallucination, and hallucination, means indicates hallucination, and hallucination means incipent madeness. The brain and nerves come first; when they are fully affected, the venom forms. It forms on the guns at the base of the canine teeth, and soon pervades the saliva. Then a bito is mortal. The teeth make the incision, and then said: "Now, of triend, offer madame your arm, and escort her to her become the representation of the incisions, persisted in a thorough operation, and then said: "Now, my friend, offer many not have been prevented as a soon pervades the saliva. Then a bito is mortal. The teeth make the incision, and then said: "Now, or friend, offer many not friend, offer many

"I mean to do so. You are my friend, and your wife is an angel. I have said, Watch this dog, and if you observe the symptoms I have mentioned, knock out his brains. Den't

As Dr. Wolfgang spoke, a cry came from the house. Helf Himmel! what is that!" he cried. And he began running toward the house, followed by Langley.

Dr. Wolfgang and his friend rushed into the drawing-room side by side.

Mrs. Langley was standing erect in the middle of the floor, looking very much agitated. Her right hand was tightly clasped around her left arm just below the elbow.

"What has happened?" cried Dr. Wolfgang, hastening toward her.

"Remy bit me," faltered the young lady, with a nervous tremor in her voice and frame.

"Bit you? Oh, my God!" cried Langley, remembering his convenation with Wolfgang. He ran to her and threw his arms around her.

"Oh, my own! my darling!" he moaned,

He pushed back the sleeve, and saw two similarcular rows of incisions where the teeth had entered.

"It is nothing," he said, "but you will permit me, as a mere matter of form."

So saying, Dr. Wolfgang placed his lips on the wound and sucked with all his force.

"A novel mode of bleeding," he said, spitting out the blood. "Now what has happened?" I melerated of course."

Mrs. Langley informed him in a few words. As soon as the friends had left the room, Remy lad langed down from her lap; then he had gone under the sofa; then he had come outagain; had turned round and round, looked uneasy and restless, gazed up into the air, and snapped, showing his teeth; finally, he and the "wild" cat had fought with fury, and while she was trying to separate them, the dog had bitten her violently in the arm. "Is that all?" said Dr. Wolfgang, tranquilly.

'Then you don't think he is mad?" ex-

claimed Langley.
"Certainly not."
"Where is he, darling?" he cried.
"I don't know, he ran out of the room,"

your mad-stone."

"Oh, if you only would!" cried the young lady, in terror.

"Let me go!" cried Langley; but Dr. Wolfgang vetoed this. He knew the road to Dr. Foçtescue's, and his friend had better stay with his wife.

"It is absolutely nothing," he said; "but I would like to relieve your mind. Shall I do no?"

"Oh, I wish you would, doctor !" the young

hostler rubbing down his favorite riding-horse. There was thus no delay, and in five minutes the horse was saddled. "Have you seen your mistress's dog, my riend?" he said to the hostler. "Yes, sir—under the corn-house; some thing strange about him."

muttered; and taking his horse from the astonished servant, he mounted, rode quietly
away, and soon lost sight of the house. No
sooner, however, had he done so than he
pushed his horse to a gallop, and, following
the river road, disappeared.

Two hours afterward Dr. Wolfgang returned, his horse going nearly at a walk.
This was no doubt to allow him to cool off,
as he had been going at full speed. He dismounted, and entered the house, where
Langley was seated by his wife, holding her
hand and looking at her with tears in his
eyes.

"An eschar has formed, I see. A moment!"
And with a quick movement he tore the
shrivelled akin, burned by the powder, from
the wound. Mrs. Langley cried out with

"It is done, madame; and now for the mad-stone," said the doctor.

He placed the stone flat on the wound, and, strange to say, it adhered firmly. Dr. Wolfgang seemed astonished, and raised the arm so that the stone, if an ordinary substance, must have fallen off. It still clung to the wound, and the doctor muttered, "That is very strange."

Half an hour passed, and not a word was uttered.

"It is visibly growing greener! Can it possibly be the poison?" said the doctor.

Another half-hour passed, almost in complete silence, when the doctor touched the mad-stone with his finger, and it felloff.

"Very strange indeed! A little milk, if convenient, my friend."

The milk was brought, the stone plunged into it, and in five minutes the milk turned green.

madame your arm, and easort her to her chamber. She had better lie down. In ten minutes I will min an optate, which it would be better for her to take."

Langley put his arm around his wife, and they went out of the room. The doctor fell into a chair.

fangley.
"I am so very sorry!" said the beautiful
young woman; "we shall miss you so much!" "You are sure you will not forget me?"

nunkled. huckled.
"I regret to depart without ever laying my
yes on that wonderful object," he said.
Langley looked at him with some surprise. "Without laying your eyes upon it, my ear fellow?" he said.

dear fellow?" he said.

"I have never yet seen it."

"Never seen it?"
"I observe you are very much surprised."
"I certainly am. Assuredly you brought the stone, and it stuck, and solored the milk with the green poison—the mad-stone."

"Coppens," said the doctor with great enjoyment; "gum-arabic and green paint of-feeted the rest."

Mr. Fortesene's house, meaning to procore the stone. Madame believed in it, and that was an important points?

"I understand, of course."

Mr. Fortesene was absent, and the stone was locked up. But a mad-stone was necessary, so I went on to the village of Tappahannock, where I purchased a lump of copperse, some gum-arable, green paint, but more important than all, nitrate of silver."

"Then the mad-stone."

"A few words will finish this interesting narrative," said Dr. Wolfgang, smiling. "I shaped the copperse into the form of the mad-stone with my penknife, smeared one side with the gum, and the other with the paint, and when applied to madame's arm, it naturally adhered to that charming object, and afterward colored the milk a deep green."

"Then, after all..."

"I have never, as I said, seen the famous mad-stone. I really have no curiosity about it, dear Langley. The man Carpenter, whom it cured, you said, died hast week, you know, in all the agonies of hydrophobia; and your wife would as surely have died, for she was unquestionably bitten by a mad dog. What cured her was cauterization; it was not mad-stone. Moral—cauterize: And now, friends, farewell." With which words Dr. Wolfgang departed.—Harper's Weekly.

—Said old Cornelius Vanderbilt to a young man who came to tell him the said story of how he had lost money by stock operations: "Sonny, don't ever buy what you can't pay for, and don't sell what you haven't got." —A woman who dressed herself in men's clothes and went into the army during the war, so that she could be with her husband,

-Of the \$118,000,000 of gold produced by the world last year nearly one-half was mined in the United States, and \$70,000,000 of the \$90,000,000 worth of silver produced in that year was the product of American mines.

—An Englishman arrived at a Swiss inn and ordered an old bottle of wins of a better quality than the wine of the country. The landlord produced a bottle whose label certified to fourteen years. When the bottle was uncorked the first thing to appear was a live fig.

A white man now living in Elbert county,

S. C., was blacked up once by a companion
in slavery times and sold as a slave in Charleston for \$600. The next day he washed off
the color, escaped and received half of the
purchase money.

—B. B. Allen of Reading December 1 -B. B. Allen of Reading, Pa., gave a

—B. B. Allen of Reading, Pa., gave a horse and sleigh, valued at \$150, last winter for half of the crop which George Thompson's peach orchard was expected to produce this summer. The crop amounts to just two peaches, which makes the price of a peach

town of Brunswick, this state, there are six springs of different kinds of water in an area of one square rod of ground, viz: Sulphur, bromine, arsenic, iron, magnesia, and a chem-ically pure water spring. Each spring is dis-

Schuylkill county, Penn., last week and the Reading Times asserts that it is well authoriti-cated that he was 113 years old, and that his wife, who survives him, is 105 years old. Most people will ask for proof before crediting the

—Sojourner Truth, the colored prophetess, who is now 107 years old, is recovering her youth and apparently getting ready to live another century. For many years her hair has been perfectly white and her syesight has been poor. She was recently very sick and during her illness lost meet of her hair, but since her recovery a new crop of black hair is growing and her eyesight has improved so that she reads without spectacles. She is now lecturing in Michigan.

—A great sensation has been caused at Bristol, Eug., by the discovery that a cargo of 300 tons of human bones was being discharged there to the order of a local firm engaged in manufacturing manure. The bones were shipped from Rodesto at Constantinople and are supposed to be the remains principally of the brave defenders of Plevna. There are complete limbs among the horrible cargo, and in some cases the hair still adheres to the

the western and of the Great Wall. Far to the north and south of the gateway extend barren tracts of country which do not look at all encouraging for commercial undertakings, and the route, moreover, has for many years been disregarded altogether. But it appears now that it was a favorite one among Ptolemy's Seric traders, and that in the sixth century it was followed, with few exceptions, by the Arab merchants. The person who cites these facts—the writer of a letter to the Pall Mall Gazette—adds his own opinion that the phy-Gazette—adds his own opinion that the physical advantages of the route "may soon lead to the construction of the first Central Asiatic Railroad." -An extraordinary suicide is reported from

"Bit you?" Oh, my God!" cried Langley, remembering his conversation with Wolfgang. He ran to her and threw his arms around her.

"Oh, my own! my darling!" he meaned, unsterably unnerved.

A strong hand threat him back without ceremony, and Dr. Wolfgang confronted the young lady. His manner was in vivid contrast to that of his friend. He was perfectly cost, and spoke with the atmost deliberation and culmises.

"Be good enough to take your seat in this arm, chair, Madane Langley," he said.

"I have never yet seen it."

"I have never yet seen it."

"I observe you are very much surprised."

"I certainly am. Assuredly you brought the stone, and it stuck, and colored the milk with the green poison—the mad-stone."

"Opperas," asid the doctor with great enjoyment; "yomen's point of the store, and tis tack, and colored the milk with the group brought the stone, and tis tack, and colored the milk with the group brought the stone, and it stuck, and colored the milk with the group brought the stone, and it stuck, and colored the milk with the group brought the stone, and it suck, and colored the milk eity of Bruau, Germany. Franc Waldek, a young man who served as secrotary to a physician, agreed to fight a duel with a nobleman in what they denominated." The sixtle stone is "young man who served as secrotary to a physician, agreed to fight a duel with a noble man in what they denominated." The sixtle stone is "young man who served as secrotary to a pyusician, agreed t

What does the mother-bird do, I wonder, When a dear little mostling is torn from the nest? Does she gooden and monra, under sunlight and st With a brinking heart in her mother breast 7 For my birdling is game, and its need is empty; I cry and I cry for it, night and day.

For my preity bird, with its selft wings folded—
Folded and carried on far away!

Yes, I know God is good, and I know His angels
Will charish my baby, and sing it to rest;
And I know it will elsep just as safely and sweetly
As ever it did on its own mether's breast.

BY J. ENTEN COOKS.

"It is what your English writer Sir Thomas

usions."
"It has mover been proved. A dozen occasions have never occurred. Do you know the ercentage of cases of hydrophobia in a population?"

e count, nearly 200,000 people have already

Does she heat her wings o'er her empty cradle, Swinging so drearly in and free? Does she histen and cry for the chirp of her darling? Foor little mother-bird, I know—I know!

Thou, God, art good: hear my prayer for my baby: In Thy beautiful Heaven there are mothers, I know Who do not furget to waten ever the crades Of the dear little mother i was babies below: Bid out of them take my sweet bake in her bosom. When she comes to brood over her own broken ned And bid her in dreams lay it gestly beside me, In my poor empty arms, on my desolate breast. Long M. Blinn in Circeland Herald.

"Yes; you see the work is done. The ison is all sucked up, and the wound is impletely cleaned of the total dog's ven-

"My planging it into fresh mile. After remaining there an hour or two, the mile turns green, and the stone is washed—it has discharged the venom into the milk."

Dr. Wolfgang got up from his seat, and threw his meanschaum on the table.

"Was ever such moonshine!" he cried, and he burst forth into German exploitives, and other excressions of

"You have an answer for everything," he aid. "Where does this Carpenter live?" "On the river, near the high-road running. Tappahannock, about a mile from Mr.

married for two or three years, but the hon-oy-moon was still shining. That was plain from the glances they exchanged as the young lady entered. It was equally plain from the sudden softening of Dr. Wolfgang's satirical expression that he too was under the spell, and had conceived a warm affection for his friend's wife.

Dr. Wolfgang made a courtly bow and said, smiling, "Your good husband is so obstinate, dear Madame Langley!"
"Well, old follow," said Langley, laughing,

"Poor fellow! he is very sorry, I have no doubt," said Dr. Wolfgang, "It was merely an accident; but if you wish, I will go for your mad-stone.'

"Oh, I wish you would, doctor!" the young lady cried.

"Bring me a little gunpowder, my friend," said Wolfgang to Langley. It was brought in a moment, and the doctor poured a teaspoonful from the flask upon the wound.

"Why, my meerschaum has gone out!" he said. And taking a match be struck it as though to light his pipe. Instead of doing so, however, he turned round quickly and touched it to the powder. A puff of smoke and a sprit of flame rose; the young lady uttered a cry of pain.

"Now, even if your dog was mad, there is no danger; but I will go for your famous mad-stone," he said. Langley was going to attend to his horse.

"No" said Dr. Wolfgang; "I will attend to that."

He want out to the stables, and saw the

thing strange about him."

Dr. Wolfgang took up a short heavy stick from the ground and concealed it behind him. Then he quietly drew near Remy, who was lying on the ground looking up intently into the air. The dog did not stir; he seemed unconscious of all around him. Dr. Wolfgang thereupon lifted his club auddenly and beat out his brains.

"At least he won't bite any one else!" he muttered; and taking his horse from the astonished servant, he mounted, rode quietly

edges.
"Will you have it applied, madame?"
"Oh, yes, yes," cried the young lady.
The doctor looked at the wound and said.

very strange."

Half an hour passed, and not a word was

into a chair.

"Helf Himmel!" he muttered; is she going to die? I don't know, but I have done my best to save her."

Six months after these scenes, Dr. Wolfgang left his friends to return to Europe. The parting was a sad one, for he had greatly endeared himself to both Mr. and Mrs.

said Dr. Wolfgang, trying to smile.
"How could I? You saved my life by bringing the mad-stone so promptly."
Dr. Wolfgang did not smile this time; he

—According to the recent census the males of the United States are in the majority to the extent of nearly a million. This is contrary to opinion, expectation and precedent.

—Five hundred more Mormon converts arrived at New York September 13, of whom 250 were Scandinavians and 150 English. There were many women in the party, all unmarried or widows.

—Said old Cornelius Vanderbilt to a young

and who was wounded in the service, has just received \$600 in pension arrears at St. Louis.

year was the product of American mines.

—Experiments with gun cotton at Woolwich demonstrate that the transmission of
detonation from one mass of gun cotton to
another not in contact was so rapid that a
row of cotton reaching from London to Edinburgh could be fired in two minutes.

—A genuine portrait of Columbus has been
discovered at Madrid. It represents the great
discoverer as about 40 years of age, with a
broad forehead, dark, thick hair, a brilliant
eye and a beaked nose. The canvas is about
19 inches by 17 in size.

—Au Englishman arrived at a Swiss inn

—Mrs. Thomas Thorn of Canisteo, N. Y., losi her powers of speech nearly a year ago, but when she recently saw her husband, an avowed temperance man, standing at a bar and drinking birch beer, she thought he was getting drunk and screamed aloud. She can talk now. talk now.
- Fifteen miles from Island Pond, in the

icaty pure water spring. Each spring is distinct in its medicinal qualities.

—Two diminutive brothers named Sparling have just entered Hillsdale College, Michigan. Christopher, the older, is 18 years old, and is 39½ inches in height and weighs 37½ pounds. The other, Edwin, is 15 years old, weighs 49½ pounds and is 42½ inches tall—or short. James Mahoney was buried in St. Clair

story.

—Jean Ingelow's life is more beautiful than her poetry. Her face is well known among the wretched poor of London, and three times a week she gives a dinner to the sick, poor, and the discharged convalescents from hospitals who either are unable to work or have not yet found employment. She once said: "I find it one of the great pleasures of well as the state is transfer or the programment of said. writing that it gives one more money for such purposes than falls to the lot of most women."

Avail.

A suggestive fact has been brought to light in connection with the treaty by which Russia has just sequired from China the right to enter that country through a gateway near the western end of the Great Wall. Far to